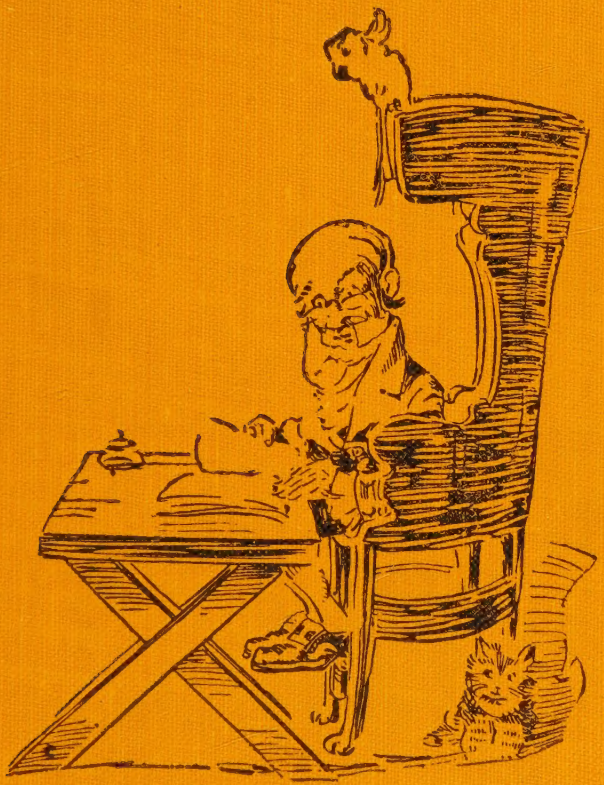
CAROLYN WELLS' BOOK OF AMERICAN LIMERICKS



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BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK

FACE CARDS

LIMERICK BOOK

CAROLYN WELLS' Book of AMERICAN LIMERICKS

WITH 34 ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York & London
The Knickerbocker Press
1925

Copyright, 1925
by
Carolyn Wells

Made in the United States of America

FOREWORD

A COMPLETE book of American Limericks would not only be impossible, but not at all desirable.

Aside from the fact that a large proportion of the known Limericks are unfit for publication, a still greater majority are utterly worthless. The mere fact that a stanza follows the well-known five-line form, does not necessarily make it clever or witty.

As to the first Limericks, and the origin of the name, there is positively no way to ascertain the facts. The very early ones printed in the Children's rhyme-books were not called Limericks. Nor were those of Edward Lear called Limericks.

To link the matter up with the song, "Won't you come up to Limerick?"—is a mere fancy, founded on no truth whatever. Unless some hitherto unknown authority or evidence turns up, we can never know who gave the verses the name, or why.

Lear's rhymes, the first except for a straggling few of slight interest, were published as a *Book of Nonsense*, first in 1846. The various editions and additions of that volume make it a choice item among collectors. The next collection of any size was the *New Book of Nonsense*, published in America in March, 1864, quickly followed by others in June, 1864, and soon after. The second was called *Ye Book of Bubbles*, and another, *Inklings For Thinklings*.

All of these were published in aid of the Sanitary Commission of the Great Central Fair, held for the benefit of the sufferers of

our Civil War. These books were frankly imitations of Lear's, not only in verses and pictures, but in shape and size. One collection was illustrated by Susan Hale, of New England fame. Few now fall into collectors' hands, but may be found in many Public Libraries. These are the first of American Limericks, but in no case is that term used as a designation.

The earlier Americans wrote humor chiefly in prose, and I know of no "Limericks" composed by Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, or their contemporaries. It may well be that the verse was again taken up about the time of Eugene Field, Bill Nye, and Robert Burdette; but even then they were not markedly popular.

In the nineties, they began to come into their own, and the flood of small humorous publications, beginning with the *Chap Book* and *The Lark*, roused the spirit of humorous verse. Followed shortly the craze in the newspapers both as advertisement and as reading matter. Yet no one ever reached any height of reputation for his Limericks. The best ones have been written by the best writers, and the more ordinary ones by the man in the street.

A mere collection of American Limericks is the only compilation that can be offered. It cannot be exhaustive, it cannot represent the worthiest. Many newspapers published one or more every day for years, and though many of them were clever and good, they can never be traced. Moreover, many of the ones attributed to certain writers, were not written by them at all. A man with a favorite Limerick is more often than not declared to be its author. And Limericks are very often wrongly quoted.

The cleverest ones I have ever heard, have been told or printed in such garbled condition that they are scarcely recognizable. But they are ephemeral, and were never meant to be of lasting value.

A representative lot of American Limericks is all that can be

attempted in this volume. Where the author's name is known, it is given, but for the most part they must be anonymous. The question of copyright permission will be observed so far as it is deemed necessary. But Limericks have come to be looked upon as common property, and we anticipate no objections on that score.

The earliest ones will be presented first, and then the next in order as near as may be. But the modern verses, unsponsored and undated, must be bunched in together. Also, we are not inviting any suppression by the censor. There are some readers who hold that the only good Limerick is a bad one. They will be disappointed. A light wit and a nimble tongue are all these verses can put forth by way of interest. And there are some that may not be American, yet again they may. We take a chance on those that are such widespread favorites, that they belong to the world, and are not for a day, but for all time. Generally speaking, throughout the book, nearly every other one is from the pen of the compiler.

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THE CAROLYN WELLS BOOK OF AMERICAN LIMERICKS

Selections from books printed for the benefit of the New York Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission, 1864

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was nothing but bones except skin;
So she wore a false bust,
For says she "well, I must,"
This degraded young creature of Lynn.

There was a dear lady of Eden,
Who on apples was quite fond of feedin',
So she gave one to Adam,
Who said, "thank you madam,"
And so they both skedaddled from Eden.

There was an old man and his wife,
Who lived in the bitterest strife;
  He opened the stove,
  Pushed her in with a shove,
And cried, "There! you pest of my life."

There was an old man of the Niger,
Who was savagely chased by a tiger;
When he climbed up a palm,
And remained there all calm;
Which perplexed this mad beast of the Niger.

There was a young person of Boston,
And the vaguest of doubts she was tossed on.
  Of effect and of cause
  She discoursed without pause:
Remarkable person of Boston!

There was a young man quite unlucky!
Who lived on a fence, in Kentucky,
With a ditch on both sides,
A sharp rail he still rides,
In the dubious State of Kentucky.

To a very black man from Ethiopia,
Old Abe said—"Pray go to Utopia—
The bears will be nice
And there'll be plenty of ice,
You troublesome man of Ethiopia."

There was a gay damsel of Lynn,
Whose waist was so charmingly thin,
  Her dress-maker needed—
  A microscope—she did,
To fit this slim person of Lynn.

There was a discreet Brigadier,
Very fond of Four Thousand a-year;
  Who, when he heard the guns rattle,
  Fiercely cried—"Ha! the battle!"—
Then complacently slid to the rear.

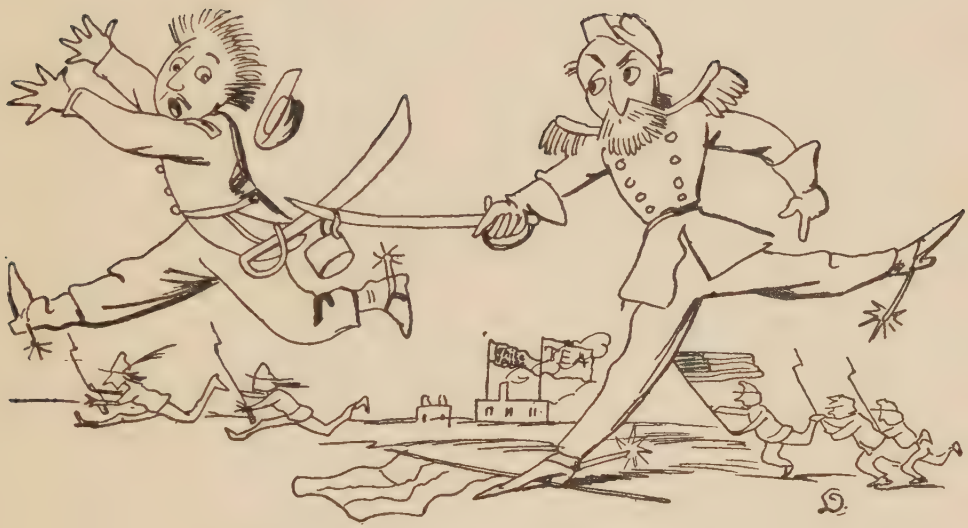
Two Bucks on an ottoman lolled,
At a club where there's wit manifold,
Says one, "Let me think"—
T'other cries, "Better drink
To try novelties now you're too old."

There was a young lady of Gramercy Park,
Who was afraid to walk out in the dark,
  So she got her a beau,
  The moon frightened her so,
When she walked out alone in that park.

A fond youth gave his sweetheart from Shrongo,
A little ape that he sent for from Congo:
  Said she—"How sweetly you woo,
  T'was indeed kind in you
To send for your portrait from Congo."

Said a man to his friend catching flies,
"This life at a club stupefies.
I think I will marry,"
Says the other—"No, tarry,
Angels ever look best in the skies!"

There was a young lady of Bath,
Whose figure was thin as a lath;
If you stuck up a pin,
You'd swear it was twin,
To this vertical lady of Bath.



There was an old person named Lee,
Who came to the North to take Tea;
But they offered him Mead(e),
And as that disagreed,
He concluded to try Tennessee.—

There was a young lady whose gown,
Kept clean a great part of the town,
  Says she, "I don't care,
  For the soil and the wear,
I must have this fine sweep to my gown."

CREDITED LIMERICKS

CREDITED LIMERICKS

"It's a very warm day," observed Billy.
"I hope that you won't think it silly,
If I say that this heat
Makes me think 'twould be sweet
If one were a coolie in Chile!"

TUDOR JENKS.

Oh, King of the fiddle, Wilhelmj,
If truly you love me just tellmj;
Just answer my sigh
By a glance of your eye,
Be honest, and don't try to sellmj.

With rapture your music did thrillmj,
With pleasure supreme it did fillmj,
And if I could believe
That you meant to deceive,
Wilhelmj, I think it would kilmj!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

There's a lady in Kalamazoo,
Who bites all her oysters in two;
She has a misgiving,
Should any be living,
They'd raise such a hullabaloo.

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

There was a young man of Cohoes,
Who wore tar on the end of his nose.
When asked why he done it,
He said for the fun it
Afforded the folks of Cohoes.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

There was a young person called Kate,
Who sat on the stairs very late.
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But was otherwise doing first-rate.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

There was a brave knight of Lorraine,
Who hated to give people pain;
"I'll skeer 'em," he said,
"But I won't kill 'em dead!"
This noble young knight of Lorraine.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her,
Resolved to reform and be kinder;
"If, when pettish," she said,
"I should knock off your head,
Won't you give me some gentle reminder?"

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

A prudish young lady named Chaucer
Said "Oh, fie!" and "For shame!" and "Oh, law, sir!"
"Dividers have limbs
Like indelicate hims,
So circles I draw with a saucer."

ARLO BATES.

There once were some learned M.D.'s,
Who captured some germs of disease
And infected a train,
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed one to catch it with ease.

OLIVER HERFORD.

There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Whose shoes were too tight to walk quick in 'em;
She came back from her walk,
Looking white as a chalk,
And took 'em both off and was sick in 'em.

OLIVER HERFORD.

H was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then:
She had but one leg
On which she could peg,
And behind her left ear was a wen.

BRUCE PORTER.

Said Mrs. IsoscelesTri,
"That I'm sharp I've no wish to deny;
But I do not dare
To be perfectly square—
I'm sure if I did I should die!"

CLINTON BROOKS BURGESS.

Said Rev. Rectangular Square,
"To say that I'm *lost* is not fair;
For, though you have found
That I never am round,
You knew all the time I was there."

CLINTON BROOKS BURGESS. 9

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
  But my face I don't mind it,
  For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar.

ANTHONY EUWER.

No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
You'll find the smile more or less healing.
  It grows in a wreath
  All around the front teeth,
Thus preserving the face from congealing.

ANTHONY EUWER.

Now the ears, so I always had thunk
Should bear sounds to the top of the trunk.
  But from her I observe
  They seem merely to serve
As racks for the Jooler-man's junk.

ANTHONY EUWER.

The hands they were made to assist
In supplying the features with grist.
  There are only a few,—
  As a rule, about two,
And are hitched to the end of the wrist.

ANTHONY EUWER.

The ankle's chief end is exposiery
Of the latest designs in silk hosiery,
  Also I suspect
  It was made to connect
The part called the calf with the toesiery.

ANTHONY EUWER. 9

There once was a guy named Othello,
A dark, disagreeable fellow;
  After croaking his wife,
  He took his own life,—
That bird wasn't black, he was yellow!

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON.

There was a young man named Achilles
Whose wrongs always gave him the willies;
  So he sulked in his tent
  Like a half-witted gent,
Say, wasn't them heroes the sillies?

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON.

"A jug and a book and a dame,
And a nice shady nook for the same";
  Said Omar Khayyam,
  "And I don't give a damn
What you say, it's a great little game!"

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON.

A sporty young man in St. Pierre
Had a sweetheart and oft went to sierre.
  She was Gladys by name,
  And one time when he came
Her mother said: "Gladys St. Hierre."

A globe-trotting man from St. Paul
Made a trip to Japan in the faul.
  One thing he found out,
  As he rambled about,
Was that Japanese ladies St. Taul.

A guy asked two jays at St. Louis
What kind of an Indian the Souis.
They said: "We're no en-
Cyclopedia, by hen!"
Said the guy: "If you fellows St. Whouis?"

A bright little maid in St. Thomas
Discovered a suit of pajhomas.
Said the maiden: "Well, well!
What they are I can't tell;
But I'm sure that these garments St. Mhomas."

FERDINAND G. CHRISTGAU.

I wish that my Room had a Floor;
I don't so much care for a Door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore!

GELETT BURGESS.

There's Nothing in Afternoon Tea
To appeal to a Person like Me;
There is little to Eat;
What there is is too Sweet!
And I feel like a Cow in a tree!

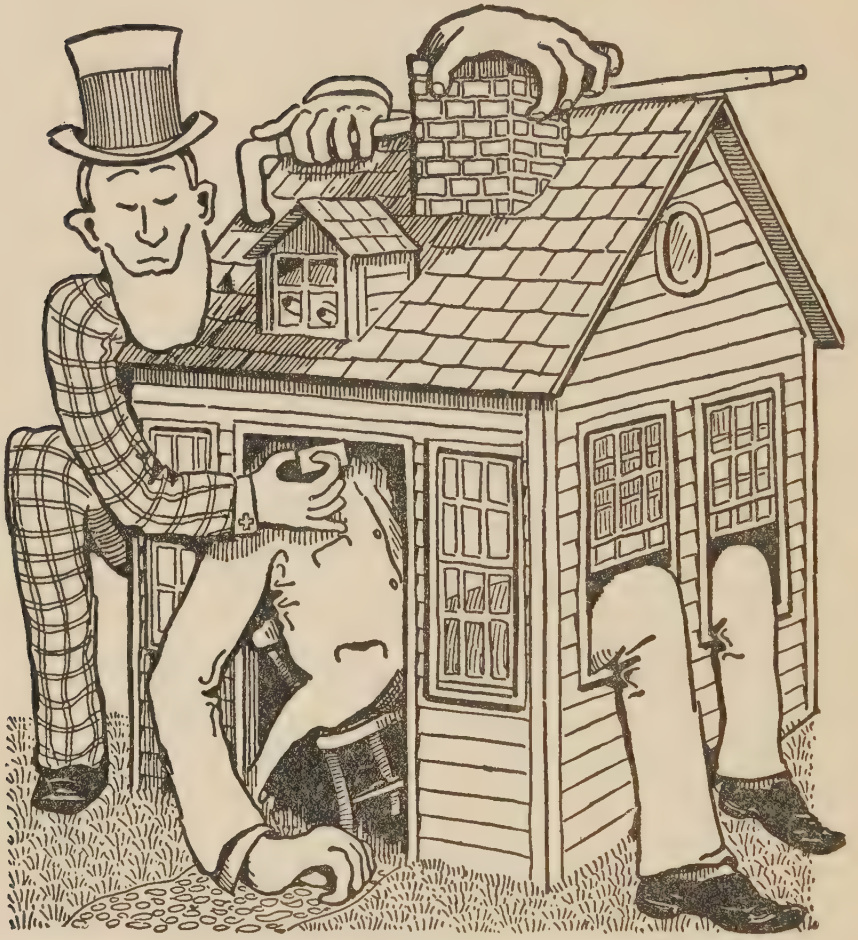
GELETT BURGESS.

I'd rather have habits than clothes,
For that's where my intellect shows.
And as for my hair,
Do you think I should care
To comb it at night with my toes?

GELETT BURGESS. 9

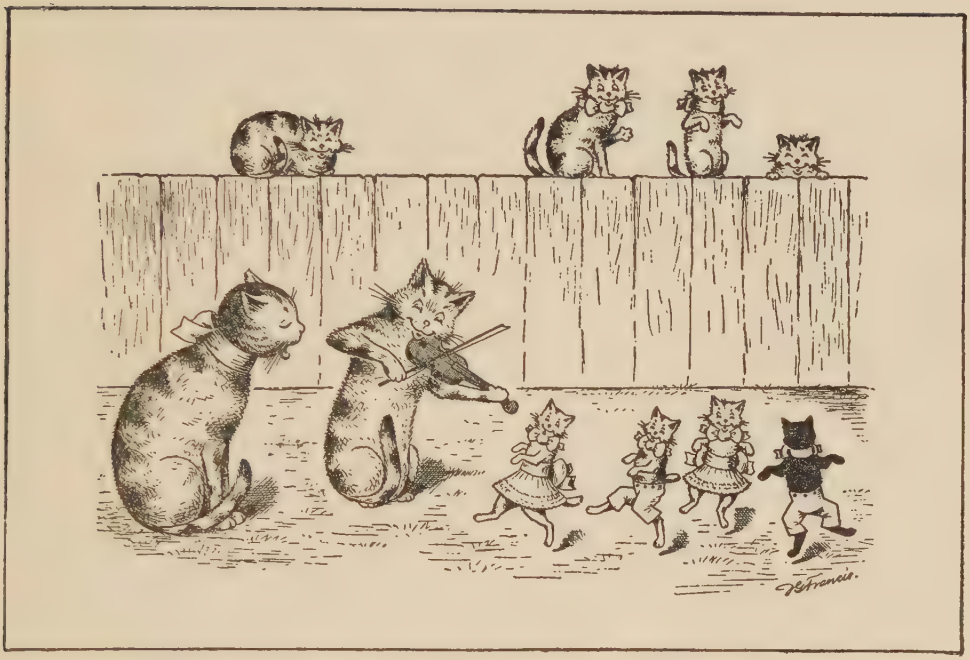
A Lion emerged from his lair
For a short summer cut to his hair,
  But the Barber he wept;
  While his customers slept
As they waited their turn in the chair.

J. G Francis.



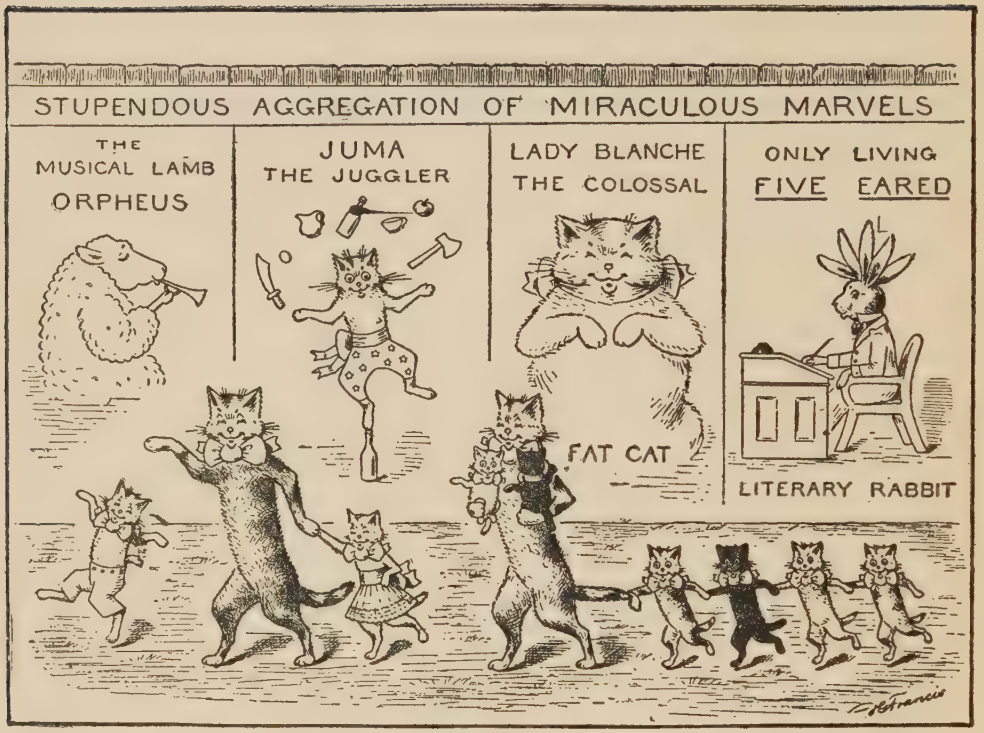
My House is too little to live in;
Oh! What would I do in a flat?
With a bore for a caller
It seems even smaller;
There's nothing so strange about that!

GELETT BURGESS.



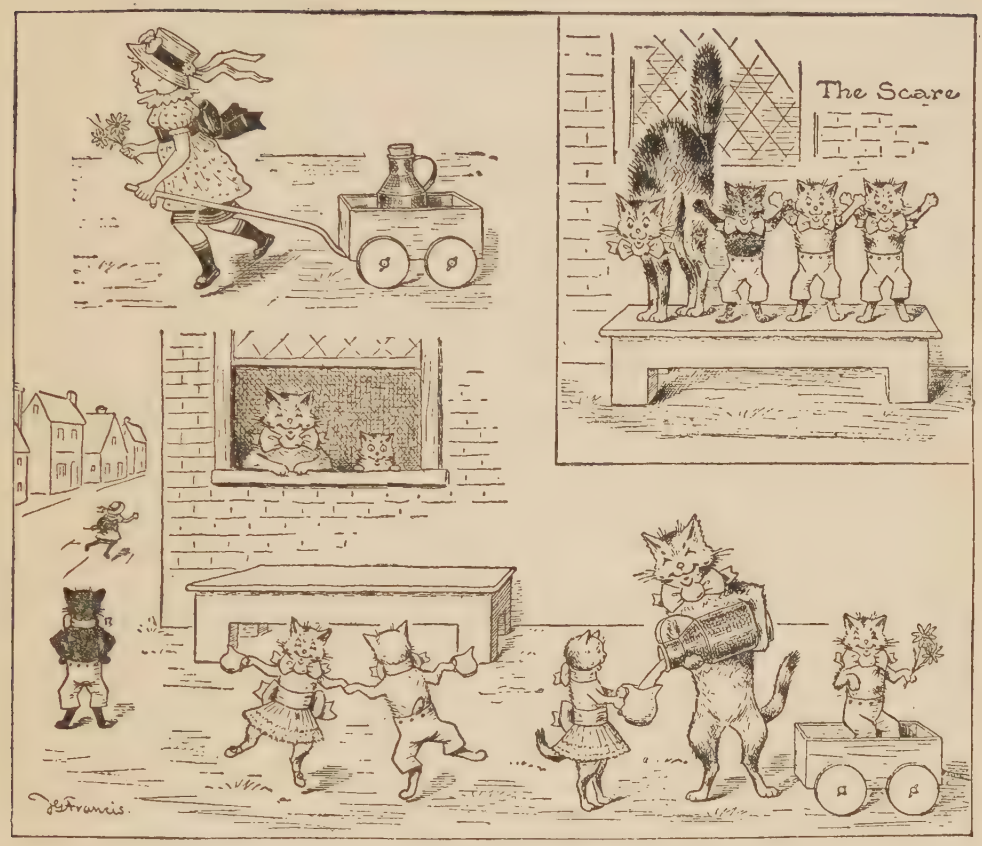
My Mother sings a song of youth and May,
The Father doth the festive fiddle play,
  Neighbors strolling on the fence
  Stop and smile with joy intense,
While the happy Kittens dance the livelong day.

J. G. Francis.



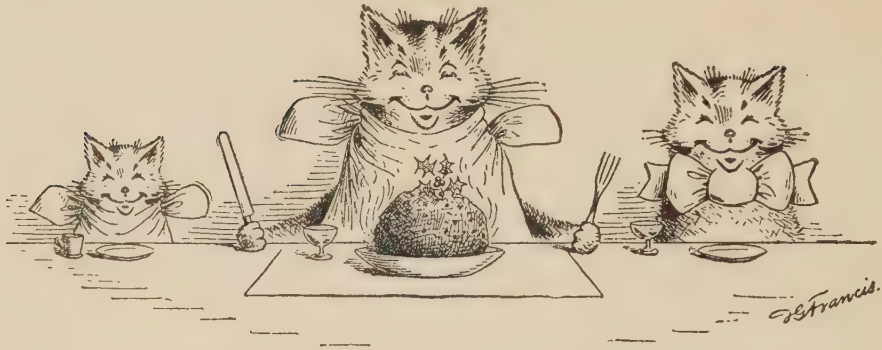
Cried a Cat to his Wife, "See, my dear,
The superlative Circus is here.
With the children we'll go,—
'Tis our duty, you know,
Their young minds to enlighten and cheer."

—J. G. Francis.



Said a Cat to his sons, "I should deem
This blithe Picture-Book Boy carried cream."
"Let us give him a scare,
"So he'll leave it right there"—
This will show the success of the scheme.

—J. G. Francis.



There was an old Cat named Macduff
Who could joke till you cried, "Hold, enough!"
His Wife and his Child so persistently smiled
That their cheeks got a permanent puff.

—J. G. Francis.

I'd rather have Fingers than Toes;
I'd rather have Ears than a Nose;
And as for my Hair,
I'm glad it's all there;
I'll be awfully sad, when it goes!

Gelett Burgess. 9

For some Hours they've been saying "Good-Bye,"
And a marvel of Patience am I;
  I can dandle my Passion
  Through Gossip and Fashion,
But at mention of Babies I fly!

GELETT BURGESS.

This infant,—the fat one who squints,—
Is really a Japanese Quince.
  The other, I guess,
  Is a Chinese Quincess
Grafted on from a Louis Seize chintz.

GELETT BURGESS.

I don't give a $\sqrt{D^2}$
For the stuff you denominate Hair;
  And your Fingers and Toes,
  And your Neck and your Nose,
Are things it Revolts me to wear.

GELETT BURGESS.

There was a young lady so thin
That she closely resembled a pin;
  Don't think that I'd creep
  To the window and peep,
I was told by a friend who looked in.

GELETT BURGESS.

ANONYMOUS LIMERICKS

ANONYMOUS LIMERICKS

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
  They returned from the ride
  With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Il y avait une demoiselle de Nigre,
Qui souriait en se promenant à tigre;
  De la course en rentrant
  Voilà la dame en dedans,
Et le sourire à la gueule du tigre.

There was a young man from Ostend,
Who vowed he'd hold out to the end;
  But when half way over,
  From Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend.

There was a young man of Laconia,
Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia;
  He hoped for the worst,
  And after March first
They buried her 'neath a begonia.

A very grandiloquent goat
Sat down at a gay table d'hote,
  He ate up the corks,
  The knives and the forks,
Remarking, "On these things I dote."

Then before his repast he began,
While pausing the menu to scan,
  He said, "Corn, if you please,
  And tomatoes and pease,
I'd like to have served in the can."

A Todhunter, out hunting Tods,
Found only a few, and some pods.
  His first shock of despair,
  Made him just want to swear.
Then he cheerfully said, "What's the odds?"

There was a young man of the cape
Who always wore trousers of crêpe;
  When asked, "Don't they tear?"
  He replied, "Here and there;
But they keep such a beautiful shape."

There was a young lady of Truro,
Who wished a mahogany bureau;
  But her father said, "God!
  All the men on Cape Cod
Couldn't buy a mahogany bureau!"

There was an old maid of Shanghai,
Who was so exceedingly shy,
  When undressing at night,
  She turned out the light,
For fear of the All Seeing Eye.

There was a young man of Fort Blainey,
Who proposed to his typist named Janey:
  When his friends said, "Oh, dear!
  She's so old and so queer!"
He replied, "But the day was so rainy!"

A silly young fellow named Hyde
In a funeral procession was spied;
  When asked, "Who is dead?"
  He giggled and said,
"I don't know; I just came for the ride."

There were three young women of Birmingham,
And I know a sad story concerning 'em;
  They stuck needles and pins
  In the Right Rev'rend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

There was an old monk of Siberia,
Whose existence grew drearier and drearier;
  He burst from his cell
  With a hell of a yell,
And eloped with the Mother Superior!

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
  "A canner can can
  Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

There once was a bonnie Scotch laddie,
Who said as he put on his plaidie:
  "I've just had a dish
  O' unco' guid fish."
What had 'e had? had 'e had haddie?

There was a young woman named Sue,
Who wanted to catch the 2.02;
  Said the trainman, "Don't hurry
  Or flurry or worry;
It's a minute or two to 2.02."

There was a young person named Tate
Who went out to dine at 8.8,
  But I will not relate
  What that person named Tate
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8.8.

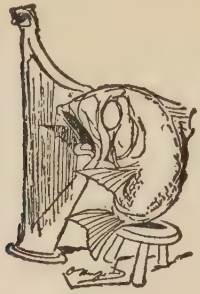
"I am willing to give you a show,
But are these all the rôles that you know?"
  The manager cried.
  And the actor replied,
"Sirrah! No, sir; I know 'Cyrano'!"

'Tis said, woman loves not her lover
So much as she loves his love of her;
  Then loves she her lover
  For love of her lover,
Or love of her love of her lover?

"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny;
"Four tickets I'll take. Have you any?"
  Said the man at the door:
  "Not four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
  She went to a tea
  And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled her internal workin's.

There was a young fellow named Paul,
Who went to a fancy dress ball;
  They say, just for fun
  He dressed up like a bun,
And was "et" by a dog in the hall.



There once was a corpulent carp,
Who wanted to play on a harp;
  But to his chagrin
  So short was his fin,
He couldn't reach up to C sharp.

There was a young lady named Maud,
A very deceptive young fraud;
  She never was able
  To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—O Laud!

There was a young lady of Crete,
Who was so exceedingly neat,
  When she got out of bed
  She stood on her head,
To make sure of not soiling her feet.

There was a young person called Smarty
Who sent out his cards for a party;
  So exclusive and few
  Were the friends that he knew
That no one was present but Smarty.

There was a young lady from Boston,
A two-horned dilemma was tossed on,
  As to which was the best,
  To be rich in the West
Or poor and peculiar in Boston.

There was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
  If I put my mind to it
  I'm sure I can do it:
You can never tell till you try."

There once was a man who said, "How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?
  For if I should ask it
  To get in my basket,
'T would make such a terrible row."

There was a young lady of Cork
Whose Pa made a fortune in pork;
  He bought for his daughter
  A tutor who taught her
To balance green peas on her fork.

There was a young lady of Skye,
With a shape like a capital I;
  She said, "It's too bad!
  But then, I can pad,"
Which shows you that figures can lie.

My grandma, Rose Angela Hemans,
Is disposed to delirium tremens.
  She contracted the habit
  Of eating Welsh Rarebit
At midnight, and then she'd see demons.

There was a young man of Dunbar,
Who playfully poisoned his Ma;
  When he'd finished his work,
  He remarked with a smirk,
"This will cause quite a family jar."

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
  "But," said he, "I must see
  What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebee."

A fellow named Teddy Magee,
Rolling homeward one night from a spree,
  Met a parson, who said,
  "Ah, drunk again, Ted!"
"Sho'm I, parson," gurgled Magee.

There was a young fellow named Hall,
Who fell in the spring in the fall;
  'Twould have been a sad thing
  If he'd died in the spring,
But he didn't—he died in the fall.

There was an old maiden from Fife,
Who had never been kissed in her life;
  Along came a cat;
  And she said, "I'll kiss that!"
But the cat answered, "Not on your life!"

There was a young fellow named Hammer
Who had an unfortunate stammer.
  "The b-bane of my l-life,"
  He said, "is in m-my w-wife,
D-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-dammer!"

A Tutor who tooted a flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
  Said the two to the tutor,
  "Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

There was a young girl named O'Neill,
Who went up in the great Ferris Wheel;
  But when half way around
  She looked at the ground,
And it cost her an eighty-cent meal.

There once was a maid of Japan,
Who married a Hottentot man;
  The maid she was yellow,
  Black as coal was the fellow,
And their children were all black and tan.

There was an old maid named McDowd,
Who got squeezed in a terrible crowd;
  The thing that most vexed her
  Was that there stood next her
A man who said "Damn!" right out loud.

There once was a lonesome, lorn spinster,
And luck had for years been ag'inst her;
  When a man came to burgle
  She shrieked, with a gurgle,
"Stop thief, while I call in a min ster!"

There was a composer named Liszt,
Who from writing could never desiszt.
  He made polonaises
  Quite worthy of praises,
And now that he's gone, he is miszt.

There was a composer named Haydn,
The field of Sonata would waydn;
  He wrote the *Creation*
  Which made a sensation,
And this was the work which he daydn.

A modern composer named Brahms,
Caused in music the greatest of quahms,
  His themes so complex
  Every critic would vex,
From symphonies clear up to psahms.

An ancient musician named Gluck
The manner Italian forsuck;
  He fought with Puccini,
  Gave way to Rossini,
You can find all his views in a buck.

A young lady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of phoir,
  But her charm is unique,
  She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smaisle,
  And of all of her beaux,
  I am certain she sheaux
She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Low cut at the front and the bacque.
  And a lovely bouquet
  Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I shall sique;
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regruette,
She shall share my $6 a wique.

There once was a Happy Hyena
Who played on an old concertina;
He dressed very well,
And in his lapel
He carelessly stuck a verbena.

A pretty young school-mistress named Beauchamp,
Said, "These awful boys how shall I teauchamp?
For they will not behave,
Although I look grave
And with tears in my eyes I beseauchamp."

A rather polite man of Hawarden,
When taking a walk in his gawarden,
If he trod on a slug,
A worm, or a bug,
Would say, "My dear friend, I beg pawarden!"

When you think of the hosts without No.
Who are slain by the deadly cuco.,
It's quite a mistake
Of such food to partake,
It results in a permanent slo.

There was a young fellow named Weir;
Who hadn't an atom of fear;
  He indulged a desire
  To touch a live wire,
('Most any old line will do here!)

There was a young fellow named West,
Who dreamed he was being suppressed;
  And when he woke up he
  Discovered a puppy
Had fallen asleep on his chest.

A lady who lived by the Thames,
Had a gorgeous collection of ghames;
  She had them reset
  In a large coronet,
And a number of small diadhems.

There was a nice fellow named Jenner,
Who sang a phenomenal tenor,
  He had little to spend,
  So I often would lend
The tenor a ten or a tenner.

There was an old man of the Rhine,
When asked at what hour he would dine,
  Replied, "At eleven,
  Four, six, three and seven,
And eight and a quarter of nine."

"I went," said a party named Knollys,
"To a pub, for a chop and some rolls,
And there, sitting dumbly,
Was young Algy Cholmondeley,
Something worse for the tossing of bowls.

"And that boisterous chappy, Jack St. John;
Was yelling like any wild Injun
As if frightening bad dreams
Away from Dick Wemyss,
Whose tipple quite plainly had been gin.

"He was snoring, but only a wee more
Than his friend, the callow Reg. St. Maur,
Whose feet were both driven
In the lap of Tom Ruthven—
Could position absurd ever be more?

"'Beastly shame,' I remarked to Pole-Carew,
And the barmaid, that little fool Mary,
(All eyes and all hands
For silly Bob Sandys)
Said, 'E's mad 'cause 'e 'asn't 'is share, eh?'

"So I cried," said this party named Knollys,
"'For me put no chop on your coals!'
And I dined down at Greenwich
On bacon and spinach,
A half pint of bitter, and jowls."

There was an old man of Madrid,
Who was hit with a brick by a kid;
  Said the man, "Oh what joy
  To wallup that boy!
Be darned if I don't!" and he did.

There was a young lady of Boston
Whose manner had such a deep frost on,
  She invariably froze
  Every one of her beaux
When her high plane of thought they got lost on.

A haughty young doge of old Venice,
While playing one morning at tennis,
  Fell in the lagoon—
  He was fished out at noon,
And his name when they got him was Dennis.

There once was a pious young priest,
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
  "For," he said, "it is plain
  We must all rise again,
And I want to get started, at least."

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
  Said the fly, "Let us flee,"
  Said the flea, "Let us fly,"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

The Sultan got sore on his harem
And invented a scheme for to scare 'em;
  He caught him a mouse
  Which he loosed in the house;
(The confusion is called harem-scarem).

There was a man in Atchison,
Whose trousers had rough patchison;
  He found them great,
  He'd often state,
To scratch his parlor matchison.

A sleeper from the Amazon
Put nighties of his gra'mazon—
  The reason, that
  He was too fat
To get his own pajamazon.

There was an old monarch in Thibet,
Skirt dancing he tried to prohibit;
  His rule was so strict,
  If any one kicked
He ordered her hanged on a gibbet.

There once was a man who said, "Why
Can't I look that big snake in the eye?"
  The snake said, "You can,"
  And he looked at the man.
('Most any last line will apply.)

There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty;
  He gave it a pat,
  And said, "Nice little cat!"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

There once was a maiden of Siam,
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
  "If you kiss me, of course
  You will have to use force,
But God knows you're stronger than I am,"

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth 'till he bent 'em.
  When asked what they cost
  And how much he lost,
He said, "I don't know. I just rent 'em."

There was an old woman of Tweedle
Who sat down in church on a needle;
  Though deeply imbedded,
  'Twas luckily threaded,
And extracted at once by the beadle.

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so excessively thin
  That when she essayed
  To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

An Elephant sat on some kegs
And juggled glass bottles and eggs,
  And he said, "I surmise
  This occasions surprise,—
But, oh dear, how it tires one's legs!"

There was a young lady named Hannah,
Who slipped on a peel of banana.
  More stars she espied
  As she lay on her side
Than are found in the Star Spangled Banner.

A gentleman sprang to assist her;
He picked up her glove and her wrister;
  "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried.
  "Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"

There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted;
  He would go to a party,
  And eat just as hearty,
As if he'd been really invited.

Said a Bridegroom, a trifle blasé,
"I wonder if marriage will pay."
  "Well," he thought with a smile,
  As he walked up the aisle,
"'Twill break in my new shoes, anyway."

We have a good cook named Clarissa.
And some one attempted to kiss her.
  And now, she won't stay,
  Unless every day,
That happens again to Clarissa.

There was a young lady named Mercer,
Who was quickly engaged to the purser;
  When the people said, "Oh!"
  She replied, "Yes, I know,
But the captain was very much worser."

Said a great congregational preacher
  To a hen, "You're a beautiful creature."
  And the hen, just for that,
  Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the Hen reward Beecher.

There was a young lady of Venice
Who used hard-boiled eggs to play tennis;
  When they said, "You are wrong,"
  She replied, "Go along!
You don't know how prolific my hen is!"

There was a young man of Cornell,
Who said, "I'm aware of a smell,
  But whether it's drains
  Or human remains
I'm really unable to tell."

There once was a sculptor named Phidias,
Whose tastes were extremely invidious.
  He carved Aphrodite
  Without any nightie,
Which shocked all the ultra fastidious.

There was a young woman from Wilts
Who went up to Scotland on stilts.
  When they said, "Oh, how shocking
  To show so much stocking!"
She answered, "Well, how about kilts?"

A person who frequently chose
To sleep standing up on his nose,
  When asked for a reason
  Said he thus got a season
Of very delicious repose.

There was an old man in a pie,
Who said, "I must fly! I must fly!"
  When they said "You can't do it"
  He replied that he knew it,
But he had to get out of that pie!

There was a young lady named Lee,
Who threw herself into the sea;
  When they said, "You'll be drowned,"
  Quite darkly she frowned,
Saying, "That does not matter to me."

Mary Jane goes to bed at eleven,
Committing her welfare to Heaven.
  Her face is so pure,
  She's so good and demure,—
But then, she is 'most forty-seven.

There is a young lady named Smart,
Whose hair is so scant it won't part;
  She's cross-eyed and thin
  And as ugly as sin,
But they say, "She has such a good heart."

In the bright Lexington of Ky.,
Lives a fellow exceeding ply.
  He's going to propose
  To a rich girl he knows,
And if she says yes he'll be ly.

A funny old lady named Borgia,
Had a parrot whose nerve would have floored yer;
  Her mistress would whack her
  And say, "Have a cracker?"
And that bird would say, "Fire, Nut or Georgia?"

There once was an old Anaconda,
Who sat down to read "Daniel Deronda,"
  Which he calmly explained
  Was all that remained
Of a book agent from Tonawanda.

A Hen who resided in Reading
Attended a gentleman's weading.
  As she walked up the aisle,
  The guests had to smaisle,
In spite of the tears they were sheading.

There once was an affable liar
Who sat round and smoked an old brier;
  But his smile was so gracious
  And his heart was so spacious
That everyone loved that old liar.

There was a young lady of Butte,
Who thought herself very acute,
  That her suitor might praise her,
  She gave him a razor,
Which suited her suitor hirsute.

Said a gentle old man, "I suppose
I ought not to wear my best clothes.
  But what can I do?
  I only have two,
And these are no better than those."

There was a young lady named Rood
Who was such a queer little prude,
  She pulled down the blind
  When changing her mind,
Lest some passer-by should intrude.

The elephant out at the Zoo
Has really got nothing to do
  With Cuban Expansion
  Or Strawberry Mansion
But neither, dear reader, have you.

There once was a haughty young Eel
Who rode in an automobile;
  The people said "My!"
  As he went spinning by,
"How awfully grand he must feel!"

There once was a centipede neat,
Who bought shoes for all of his feet;
"For," he said, "I might chance
To go to a dance,
And I must have my outfit complete."

There once was an honest old goose
Who said to her friends, "What's the use
  Of pretending to know
  If soda is so?
Such questions are very obtuse."

There was an old man of Cadiz
Who affirmed that life is what it is.
For he early had learnt,
If it were what it weren't,
It could not be that which it is.

There was an old Russian named Mowski—
Voulezvousvillivitcheochowski;
His horse he called Schwewski,
His cow, Paderewski,
And his little dog, Bowwowwowwowski.

There was a young lady named Sadie,
Whose hat was so big and so shady,
Though the sun was quite bright,
She thought it was night,
And mistook an old cow for a lady.

There was a young lady named Tucker,
Who rushed at her mother and struck her;
Her mother said, "Damn,
Don't you know who I am?
You act like a regular mucker."

A censor, whose name was Magee
Suppressed the whole dictionaree;
When the public said, "No!"
He replied, "It must go!
It has alcohol in it, you see!"

A Censor is blind as a mole.
His notions of duty are droll;
  Severely one chid
  An innocent kid
Who impulsively bared her young soul!

Said an ardent young bridegroom named Trask,
"I will grant any boon that you ask";
  Said the bride, "Kiss me, dearie,
  Until I grow weary,"
But he died of old age at the task.

There was a young fellow named Tuttle,
Whose ways were exceedingly subtle;
  He thought it a bore
  To go in the front door,
So he entered by way of the scuttle.

There was a young lady named Tess,
Whose necking was rather a mess;
  But in less than a week,
  She acquired a technique,
And now she's a social success!

There was a young girl who said, "Well,
I'm determined that I will raise Hell!"
  She concocted a scheme
  That was surely a scream!
But I promised I never would tell.

A scrupulous priest of Kildare
Used to pay a rude peasant to swear,
  Who would paint the air blue,
  For an hour or two,
While his reverence wrestled in prayer.

There was a great swell in Japan,
Whose name on a Tuesday began;
  It lasted through Sunday
  Till twilight on Monday,
And sounded like stones in a can.

Said our new kitchen queen (and she frowned),
"Though I loike yez roight down to the ground,
  I give yez my warnin'
  I'm leavin' this mornin',
For I only dropped in to look round."

There was a young man from the West,
Who loved a young lady with zest;
  So hard did he press her
  To make her say, "Yes, sir,"
That he broke three cigars in his vest.

There was an old man in a hearse,
Who murmured, "This might have been worse;
  Of course the expense
  Is simply immense,
But it doesn't come out of my purse."

There once was a lady from Guam,
Who said, "Now the sea is so calm
  I will swim, for a lark";
  But she met with a shark.
Let us now sing the ninetieth psalm!

There was an old man who said, "Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and two?
  I'm not very sure
  That it doesn't make four—
But I fear that is almost too few."

An Abbess, whom all did admire,
To holiness much did aspire—
  When asked to a ball,
  She replied, "Not at all;
I've another engagement that's Prior."

An Amorous M. A.
Says that cupid, the C. D.,
  Doesn't cast for his health
  But is rolling in wealth—
He's the John Jaco-B. H.

There was a small kiddy of Brocton,
Who cried when her kitten got rocked on;
  "Don't cry," said her mother,
  "I'll buy you another,"
As if cats were chattels in Brocton!

There once was a dear little gnome,
Who arrived from his home on Cape Nome.
  Said a lady, "My dear,
  Do you know why you're here?"
He looked up and answered, "Why, no'm!"

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain
Wandered round all night long in the rain.
  When the people said, "Oh!"
  He replied, "Yes, I know,
But something is dead in the drain."

A new gnu came into the Zoo,
And you said: "Pray, what can we do?
  He will not eat meat;
  So what can he eat?"
At noon the new gnu knew you knew.

There was a young lady named Flo,
Who was fat as a capital O;
  When the people said, "Why,
  Is this thus?" she'd reply,
"I suppose it's the way that I grow."

A dentist, whose surname was Moss,
Fell in love with a charming Miss Ross;
  But he held in abhorrence
  Her Christian name, Florence,
So he called her his Dental Floss.

A gentleman of Bucharest
In the State's prison once took a rest.
He said: "I don't care
For the plainness of fare;
But truly I can't brook arrest."

A cat in despondency sighed,
And resolved to commit suicide;
He got under the wheels
Of nine automobiles,
And after the last one he died.

There was a young fellow named Muzzin,
Who sent Birthday flowers to his cousin;
He said, "Put in eighteen,"
But the Flower Shop Queen
Kindly put in an extra half dozen!

For your car or your wife, the amounts
You pay out do give you a jounce;
The initial expense
Is not so immense.
But, you see, it's the upkeep that counts.

A young girl brought up like a saint,
Wasn't let to use powder or paint;
But she had a big row
With her parents, and now,
There isn't a place where it ain't!

There is a wild story of Rhona,
Who wore a black chiffon kimona;
  Don't think for a minute
  There's anything in it,
That is, anything except Rhona.

Said the Reverend Jabez McCotten,
"The waltz of the devil's begotten."
  Said the young Jones to Miss Sly,
  "Never mind that old guy;
To the pure almost everything's rotten."

There was an old fellow named Green,
Who grew so abnormally lean,
  And flat, and compressed,
  That his back touched his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

There once was an old kangaroo,
Who painted his children sky-blue;
  When his wife said, "My dear,
  Don't you think they look queer?"
He replied, "I don't know but they do."

There was a young druggist named Abel,
Who forgot to stick on the label;
  It was poison within,
  But was taken for gin:
He died at the end of a cable.

When that Seint George hadde sleyen ye draggon,
He sate him down furninst a flaggon;
And, wit ye well,
Within a spell
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.

A man to whom illness was chronic,
When told that he needed a tonic,
Said, "O Doctor dear,
Won't you please make it beer?"
"No, no," said the Doc, "that's Teutonic."

There was a fat canon of Durham,
Who trod on a cloister-bred wurrum;
Said he to the beadle,
"Prepare the cathedr'l,
And let us proceed to inter'm."

A young fellow went searching in quest
Of the source of a newspaper jest;
He found out the remark
Was made in the ark
By a man in a cut-away vest.

A father once said to his son,
"The next time you make up a pun,
Go out in the yard
And kick yourself hard,
And I will begin when you've done."

There was an old lady of Brooking,
Who had a great genius for cooking;
She could bake sixty pies
All of quite the same size,
And tell which was which without looking.

An old couple living in Gloucester,
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold waves had toucester.

An old lady living in Worcester,
Had a gift of a handsome young rorcester;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was uorcester.

At the bar in the old Inn at Leicester,
There's a beautiful barmaid named Heicester.
She gave to each guest
Only what was the buest,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

A wandering tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs
They are made of buckskin
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hyiouxs.

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs
March single file—never by tiouxs—
  And by "blazing" the trees
  Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests ne'er liouxs.

All new-fashioned boats he eschiouxs,
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs;
  These are handy and light,
  And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dyiouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian maize, which they briouxs
  And hominy make,
  Or mix in a cake,
And eat it with fork, as they chiouxs.

There was a young lady of Tahiti,
Whom the neighbours declared to be flahiti,
  For if Monday was fine,
  You would see, on her line,
A rather diaphanous nahiti.

There once was a giddy young chamois,
Who went for a walk with his mamois;
  When she said, "My dear child,
  I fear you are wild,"
The wicked young goat exclaimed "Damois!"

L is for lovable Lena,
Who met a ferocious hyena;
  Whatever occurred
  I never have heard;
But anyhow, L is for Lena.

"Can you tell what a husband is, Floss?"
The bride gave her fair head a toss;
  "I certainly can!
  A husband's a man
Who believes that you think he is boss!"

There was a young lady of Michigan,
To see her I never could wish again.
  She would eat ice-cream
  Till with pain she would scream,
Then order another big dish again.

There was a young fellow named Knollys,
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;
  He jumped and he ran,
  This clever young man,
And often he took pleasant kstrollys.

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kin do;
  He sticks to his caste
  From first to last,
And for clothes he makes his skin do.

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth.
  She said she would die
  Before she would lie,
And she died in the prime of her youth.

A young person of Tomahawk Bluff
Carried pistols to make him look tough.
  When they asked, "Do you chew?"
  He replied, "Yes, I do,
I'm a wegular wetch of a wough."

There lived in the town of Cos Cob
A long-haired, chin-whiskered old slob
  In the face of whose lies
  Ananias would rise
And offer to give him his job.

Said a miser who sordidly mised,
"My gold I have always despised;
  I have stinged till I'm stingy,
  And dinged till I'm dingy,
But it's really the practice I've prized."

Augustus Fitzgibbons Moran
Fell in love with Maria McCann.
  With a yell and a whoop
  He cleared the front stoop
Just ahead of her papa's brogan.

A joiner of intellect crude
Said, "Why not use sawdust for food?
It's cheap by the ton,
And it nourishes one,
And that's the chief object of food."

A Colonel, who used to assert
That naught his digestion could hurt,
Was forced to admit
That his weak point was hit
When they gave him hot shot for dessert.

A lawyer who lived in Chicago,
In arguing so made his jaw go
That when he was dead
It still wagged in his head,
And frightened whoever it saw go!

There was a man in Henderson,
Who had a tall and slenderson,
A human rail,
Who used a nail
To fasten his suspenderson.

Herr Psamchen has beat him full sore,
Yet the boy'll neither give in nor roar.
"Now I know," cries old Psam,
"Dat inside you tink 'D——n,'
So I tink I moost lick you some more."

There was a young lad of Calcutta,
Whenever he spoke he would stutter.
To his teacher, said he,
"P-p-please t-tell me,
Is a b-buttress a f-feminine b-butter?"

There once was a man who said, "Oh,
Please, good Mr. Bear, let me go;
Don't you think that you can?"
The bear looked at the man,
And calmly responded, "Why, no!"

There is a young woman in Tex.,
The whole reading world she perplex.,
For she wrote a nice book
Which the publishers took
For a psychical problem of sex.

A musical lady from Ga.,
Once sang in "Lucretia Ba."
Said a friend the next day,
"I'm sorry to say
That high note in C major fla."

A lady who lived in Mont.
Had a beautiful daughter named H.,
Who once took a seat
On Twentieth street,
Having slipped on a piece of ban.

There once was a doughty young fly,
Who said, "I will do it or die";
  So she took off her stocking,
  A spectacle shocking,
And waded right into a pie.

G is for dear little Gustave,
Who said that a monkey he must have;
  But his parents said not,
  For they thought they had got
All the monkey they wanted in Gustave.

There once was a big rattlesnake
Who bought him a caraway cake.
  When they said, "You will share
  With your neighbors your fare,"
He said, "That's where you make a mistake!"

There once was an old jelly-fish,
Who said, very sadly, "I wish
  I lived in the Red Sea,
  For then I would be
A red current jelly fish!"

Cleopatra observed, "That false tale
Of the asp many ears may regale—
  What a fuss they all make
  About that poor snake!
Why, the poison was sent me by mail."

"Well, yes," said Xantippe, "I am
A regular, out-and-out sham.
I'm playing the shrew,
But, between me and you,
I'm as gentle and meek as a lamb."

A young man of Baluchistan
Was invited to tell who kissed Ann;
But he only said: "Nay,
I'll not give her away;
Though I know very well you kissed Ann."

Said a pig, with expression irate,
"There's a rumor, I'm sorry to state,
That they'll soon introduce
Into popular use
A Fountain Pen! Oh, what a fate!"

A gentleman on the Rialto
Saw a pretty peroxide contralto.
In a timid and awed way
She tried to cross Broadway,
So he helped her across the asphalt, oh.

A gentleman living in Troy,
Exhibited symptoms of joy;
Said his friends, "Goodness me!
Why these spasms of glee?"
And the gentleman said, "It's a boy!"

Endeavored a lady in No. Dak.
To picture a bear with a kodak.
The button she pressed,
And the bear did the rest—
The lady stopped running in So. Dak.

There was a young fellow from Berne
Who studied but never could learn·
So one day in a rage,
He shouted out "Snaje";
Which merely is Switzer for "dern."

There was a young woman of Butte,
Who said to herself: "I'll be cute."
So she wrote naughty things,
Fame arrived on swift wings,
And she chuckled: "Oh, ain't I a beaut?"

Consider our poor heathen brother;
Consider his father and mother:
Don't you think they look neat?
On one end is their feet,
While their head's fastened on to the other.

Of a sudden the great prima donna
Cried, "Heavens, my voice is a goner!"
But a cat in the wings
Said, "I know how she sings,"
And furnished the solo with honor.

A farmer in Knox, Ind.,
Had a daughter he called Mar.
  But the neighbors said "O,"
  We really must go,"
Whenever she played the p.

K is for kind little Katy,
Who weighs 'most a hundred and eighty!
  She eats every day,
  And the doctors all say
That's the reason she's growing so weighty.

There was a young lady of Maine,
Whose studies had made her insane;
  'Twas the awful result
  Of the antepenult
On a weary, one-syllable brain!

There was a young lady of Rio,
Who essayed to take part in a trio;
  But her skill was so scanty
  She played it andante
Instead of allegro con brio!

There was a young maiden called Eighmy,
Who was a good girl all the seighmy.
  At nine every night
  She'd kneel and recight
A little verse called "Now I leighmy."

There was an old man of Calcutta
Who had an unfortunate stutter,
"I would like," he once said,
"Some bub-bub-bub-bread
And some bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-butter."

There was a young fellow named Doyle,
Who wrapped his wife up in tin foil;
For he said, "She's so sweet,
And she is such a treat,
I'm terribly 'fraid she will spoil!"

K is for plump little Kate,
Who's handicapped sadly by weight.
When we send her away
For a visit we say,
"'Twill be cheaper to send her by freight."

A timorous maiden named Ann,
With an abnormal hatred of man,
Is transfixed with fear
When she sees one draw near,
And skedaddles as fast as she can.

There is an old cook in N. Y.,
Who insists you should always st. p.
Full vainly he's tried,
To eat some that was fried,
And says he would rather ch. c.

There once was a cowboy who said,
"I will rush in and paint the town red!"
  But alas for his plan,
  He encountered a man
Who buried him, 'cause he was dead.

A dashing young man from Duquesne,
And a wealthy young maiden named Jesne,
  Were planning to skip,
  But her dad spoiled the trip
By remarking, "Her cash will remesne."

A young man of imposing physique
Bathed every day in a chrique!
  Till one day it ran dry,
  When he said with a sigh:
"Why the thing must have sprung a bad lique."

Then up rose Ignatius Paderewski,
And said, "I don't know what to doski
  When I go out for air
  The wind gets in my hair
And it looks just as though it were blewski."

A beautiful lady named Psyche
Is loved by a fellow named Yche.
  One thing about Ych
  The lady can't lych
Is his beard, which is dreadfully spyche.

N is for Nathan K. Ball,
Who dwells in the third floor back hall.
If you asked why this was,
He'd reply, "Oh, because;
Just mind you own business"; that's all.

A farmer who thought he was wise
Met a couple of smooth-looking guys;
They sold him a brick
About three inches thick,
Very much to the old man's surprise.

There once was a girl named Louise,
Who tried all the young men to pluise;
But she wouldn't be kissed,
So she always has missed
Bringing any gallant to his knuise.

There was a young fellow whose grief
Was something beyond all belief.
He was usually found
On a merry-go-round,
Where he wept till he shook like a leaf.

M is the Man in the Moon,
Who sings a remarkable toon.
It begins at high C
And then runs back to D,
I should think not a minute too soon.

There was a young fellow named Paul,
Whose life was a sizzy high-ball;
  But he drank them so fast
  That they floored him at last,
And now his name's nothing at all.

There was a young person of Oldham,
Who altered his tales as he sold 'em.
  When his friends said, "How mean!'
  He replied, "All serene!"
And that's about all that he told 'em.

There was an old whale, named McFinn;
Who had a remarkable grin.
  Said his wife, "It's too wide,"
  "Oh, dear me!" he sighed,
"Will somebody lend me a pin?"

There was an old man who said, "Gee!
I can't multiply seven by three!
Though fourteen seems plenty,
It might come to twenty—
I haven't the slightest idee!"

A LIMERICK ALPHABET

A is for affable Annie,
Who is younger, they say, than her granny.
Now, that I can't tell,
As I don't know her well,
But, anyhow, A is for Annie.

B is for beautiful Bella,
Who brought back a borrowed umbrella.
Though the tale you may doubt,
I've no way to find out,
But I'll bet you that B is for Bella.

C is for Cultured Clarissa;
And some one attempted to kiss her.
Still, I vow and declare
And I'll solemnly swear
That certainly C's for Clarissa.

D is for dear, dainty Doris,
Who always is scented with orris.
At such things as these
You may sniff if you please,
But don't deny D is for Doris.

E is for elegant Ettie,
Who thinks her eyelashes are jetty.
I don't know, I'm sure—
My eyesight is poor—
But everyone says E's for Ettie.

F is for flirtatious Flora,
Who hasn't a single adorer,
I'm told. So her beaux
Are all married, I 'spose,
But fortunately F's for Flora.

G is for gay, giddy Gertie,
Who will not acknowledge she's thirty;
She was twenty, I know.
Seventeen years ago;
But, gee! I guess G is for Gertie.

H is for happy Hypatia,
Who got herself up as a Geisha.
On the figure she cut
I'll keep my mouth shut,
But H calmly stands for Hypatia.

I is for idle Irene,
Who is really unbearably lean.
She has tried this and that
To make her more fat,
But I is just right for Irene.

J is for jubilant Jessie,
Who's exceedingly stylish and dressy.
Her skirt is the kind—
Oh, well—never mind,
But in spite of that, J is for Jessie.

K is for kind-hearted Kitty,
Who is busy, though not very pretty.
She thinks that her gift
Is moral uplift,
But K keeps on standing for Kitty.

L is for luxuriant Laura,
Who has a carbuncle tiara.
I know that would seem
Unduly extreme,
But I don't wonder L stands for Laura.

M is for mystical Mamie,
Who visits what she calls a swami.
The things he has taught her
I'd keep from *my* daughter,
But M stands up boldly for Mamie.

N is for nice little Nellie,
As pink as a crab-apple jelly.
I know her by sight,
And I think she's all right.
And N stands out neatly for Nellie.

O is for obese Odette.
If ever the lady you met,
Her shape and her size,
Would cause you surprise,
Oh, O is O. K. for Odette.

P is for popular Patty.
Her lady friends say she is catty.
If that's true or not
I really don't wot,
But I do wot that P stands for Patty.

Q is for queer little Queenie.
I'm told she's a regular greeny.
It's funny how this
Seems to rouse prejudice,
But it's quite true that Q is for Queenie.

R is for rapturous Rhoda,
Who never was in a pagoda.
In fact, it is said
She's been many years dead,
But R is still standing for Rhoda.

S is for Suffragette Sadie,
Who acts unbecoming a lady.
I freely admit
I don't like it a bit,
Though I'm sure S stands firmly for Sadie.

T is for turbulent Totty,
Who on dancing is perfectly dotty.
One day at a tea—
But then—don't you see,
That T was expressly for Totty.

U is for useless Ursula,
Who loves to sing song-things like Boola.
Her voice is quite flat,
But even at that,
Undoubtedly U's for Ursula.

V is vivacious Viola,
Who plays on an old pianola.
My thoughts at this time
Are not fit for rhyme,
But I've verified V for Viola.

W is for wild Wilhelmina,
Who was eaten up by a hyena.
But though she is missed,
I shall always insist
That W's for Wilhelmina.

X has to be for Xantippe,
Reputed exceedingly zippy.
The lady, I own,
Is to me quite unknown,
So just let X = Xantippe.

Y is for youthful Yolande.
In the face of a caller she yawned.
Her comment, I guess,
I will not express,
But, thank goodness, Y's for Yolande.

Z is for zealous Zenobia,
Who says there is no hydrophobia.
She'll argue all day
In her pretty fool way,
And Z staunchly stands for Zenobia.